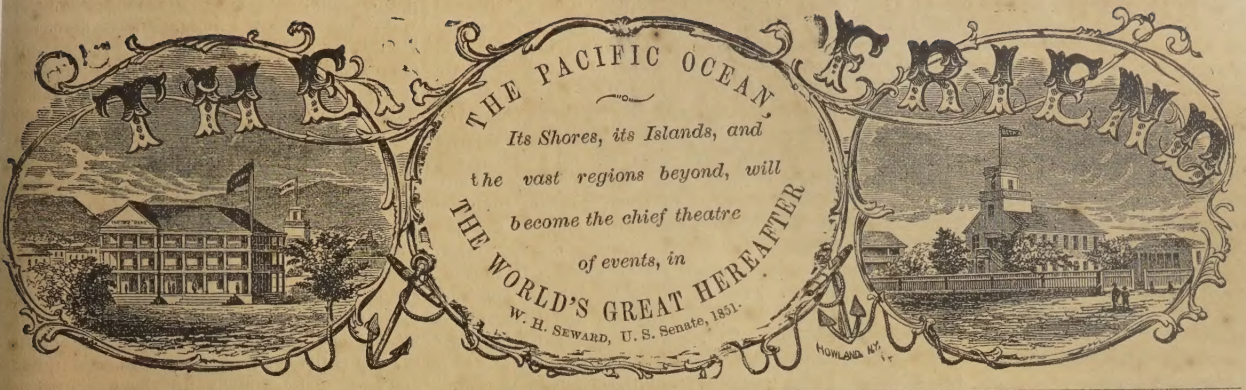
THE PACIFIC OCEAN.
Its Shores, its Islands, and
the vast regions beyond, will
become the chief theatre
of events, in
THE WORLD'S GREAT HEREAFTER
W. H. SEWARD, U. S. Senate, 1851.

New Series, Vol. 26, No. 7.} HONOLULU, JULY 2, 1877. {Old Series, Vol. 34.

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THE FRIEND.

JULY 2, 1877.

United States Minister Resident.—We learn that a new appointment has been made to this office, perhaps this was to be expected, in the revolution of the political wheel, but we regret to part with the present incumbent, Minister Peirce, who has filled the office for eight years, to the general acceptance of Americans on the islands and the Hawaiian Government. His influence in the matter of the Reciprocity Treaty was specially noteworthy, and it is not a little remarkable, that one, whose commercial career at the Hawaiian Islands, dates more than a half century ago, should have been thus honored, as the highest United States official at the Hawaiian Court.

United States Consul.—We are glad to welcome our old Consul, Dr. Scott and his wife, after their visit to the United States, who were guests at the White House, while passing through Washington. The President and Dr. Scott are old political friends in Ohio politics, while Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Scott are cordial friends and fully in sympathy on the temperance question, which has received a grand impetus from the noble women of Ohio.

☞ "A friend" donates $10.00 for the Bethel repairs, leaving a debt (July 1st,) of $198.21.

☞ We would acknowledge papers for gratuitous distribution from E. P. Adams, Esq., Mrs. Lyons, Rev. J. F. Pogue and Mrs. Parke.

Intemperance in England.

The British Government has sent a commissioner to the United States to gather statistics, relating to manufactures, and learn why Americans are so fast becoming the leading nation, in various textile manufactures. Returning he reports, that one cause of this advance is the sobriety of the laborers in the American factories. Humiliating as this fact may be, this man does not hesitate to state the honest truth. The amount of intemperance in such cities as Liverpool and Manchester is something quite appalling. A correspondant in Edinburgh pens the following paragraph, on the 3d of April.

"The newspapers will inform you how rapidly the old "orthordox" beliefs are giving way in Scotland, there is an incredible amount of agitation and discussion going on and the old Landmarks of belief, one after another, are being swept away, and the church, in which this process is going on most rapidly is the Free Church. In the meantime there is less of evangelistic work, and Christian aggression than for a long time, and *drunkenness is increasing, so frightfully as to alarm even careless people.*"

☞ In our last issue we alluded to Mr. F. A. Beckwith, son of the Rev. Dr. Beckwith of Waterbury, Ct., as a young man of promise, to whom had just been awarded a "$50 prize" in Yale College. We are happy to find the prize oration published in the Yale College literary magazine for April, and now lying on our table. The subject of the oration is *Thomas Carlyle.* It is a highly creditable effort, evincing a breadth of thought and amount of general reading not common among under-graduates. If the youthful blossom is so fair and beautiful, we may certainly expect the golden fruit of ripe scholarship and matured thought will appear in coming years. Surely we have no reason to be ashamed of our island boys in American colleges.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—NO. 6

AN AFTERNOON AT COPPET, THE HOME OF MADAME DE STAEL.

Last Saturday we made another charming excursion, and this time to Coppet, a quiet little town, on the shore of the lake, rendered famous as being the home of Madame de Stael and the literary birth-place of "Corinne." I hope that every enthusiastic admirer of this remarkably fascinating and exqusitely written book, may some day have the same privilege that our little company had, and see the old chateau under as favorable circumstances. It was one of those rare and perfect days in the dawning beauty of the spring time, when the sharp and stern lines of the winter fade into soft and sweeping curves and the glad earth takes with gratitude the blessed gifts of sunshine and warmth. The air from the far off gleaming glaciers was softened and sweetened by the breath of violets and meadow grasses which it had passed on its way. From our little steamer we watched the shore with its ever charming panorama, where natural beauty takes on a new charm from the famous names which are linked with the little villages and old chateaux that group themselves among the trees and shrubbery. On the hill, with its far-reaching vineyards, is the elegant villa of Rothschild, more like a palace than a summer house, and nestling among the trees on the very edge of the lake the dwelling of Sir Robert Peele. And just beyond the country seat, where the sad and unfortunate Josephine came in those bitter days when another sat in her imperial place. Off in the distance, where the church spire catches the sunlight and becomes a gleaming shaft against the sky, is Genthoa, so dearly loved of the Genevese naturalists. Here Bounet lived and thought and studied and entertained his many admiring friends who came to learn at his feet. De Saussure who was one of the first to open the beauty and unlock the mystery of the Alpine world, wrote amid these quiet rural scenes his famous "Travels in the Alps." To these add the names of Pictel, of Marignac, of Favre, and of Boissier, and you feel that Genthoa is worthy of more than a passing notice. Just a moment the boat stops at Versoix, where our brave little steamer adds to its passenger list. Here the Duke de Choiseul in 1770, laid out the plan of a city which he hoped would one day be the rival of Ge-

neva, but which only gave rise to the sarcasm of Voltaire. At Versoix we see streets, but no houses. But now every one is hurrying up the little pier which links for the moment Coppet and the steamer. It is a sleepy little town, but one cares for nothing else but the chateau, which rises enticingly over the tiled summits of the village houses. The quaint massive gate-ways and stone-portal, the grand courts and sombre walls date back to the 17th century, but here Necker, the famous Genevese banker, later minister of France, came at the time of the French Revolution, and here Madame de Stael his daughter passed many years. It seemed as if the pompous old concierge would never admit us, but at last we were ushered into the great hall with its heavy stairway. There were tropical plants in the vestibule and one banana tree, which was putting forth its leaves in rather a timid way in this classic and somewhat chilly atmosphere—said a cordial *aloha* to me as I passed. The little salon, with the view over the lake, is just as it was left by Madame de Stael. There is nothing at all striking about its furnishings, but it was probably the cozy nook where gathered as brilliant a galaxy of thinkers and conversationalists as any time has ever seen. Madame de Stael reigned as queen, and in her train she numbered Constant, Sismondi, Schlegel, Madame Recamier, and a throng of lesser lights who composed what Sainte-Beure is pleased to style "her majestic court." Perhaps no woman has ever lived, dowered with a greater genius than Madame de Stael. From her earliest girlhood, reared in the elegant home of her father, and surrounded by the leading thinkers of the day, she gave evidence of that splendid ability and far-reaching thought, which remained with her to the last. In 1792, escaping from the horrible scenes of the French Revolution, she fled to Coppet, which she made, to use her own words, "the hospital of the wounded of both parties." One book after another came from her facile pen, all stamped with genius, but some of which exposed her to the sharpest criticism, and at three different times Coppet became, not only her home, but the place of her exile. In 1804 she traveled with Schlegel in Italy, and as the fruits of this journey we have "Corinne," a work which has rendered her famous the world over, and which is a rare version of delicate beauty and force, and worthy of the beautiful and striking words of Lamartine, as being "a glowing picture of the sky of Italy seen over the summits of the Alps." Her travels in Germany resulted in a work of power and influence, but exposed her to a particularly marked political tyranny by the French Government. Weary at length of this espionage and exile, she secretly left Coppet and journeyed in Russia, Sweden and England, and with the Bourbons returned to Paris. While engaged upon a work which promised to be of singular power, she became ill, and shortly afterwards died, in 1818. It was a life of brilliant successes and trying defeats, but we can not but feel that this bright and pleasant room, where we are standing, beams only pleasant memories. The quiet afternoon sunlight streams down with a kind of blessing and lights the faces that look at us from the wall, so that they seem to give us greeting, and we almost forget that we are simple, plain American sight-seers, and half fancy that the old brilliant life has begun again and that we are a part of it. Directly facing us is the portrait of Madame de Stael, by Gerard, a striking face, seeming at first sight almost coarse and masculine, but all which is forgotten in the singular brilliancy and beauty of the eyes which seem to shine from the canvas. She is dressed in a singular antique costume, and wears a turban on her head, from which a few glossy black curls appear. In her hand is an olive branch, and she stands as if in earnest and triumphant thought. On one side is the portrait of her mother, Madame Necker, the daughter of a Swiss "pasteur" of the Canton of Vaud. In her elegant satin costume and elaborate coiffure, as wife of the reigning minister of France, she presents a striking contrast to the village clergyman's daughter who, in her early years, passed from house to house giving instruction. But she never lost in the glitter and splendor of her later years the gentleness and sweetness of her maidenhood. Opposite is Necker, splendid in purple velvet, lace ruffles and powdered wig, with a face almost painful in its plainness, but that of a man true to principle and right in an age of deceit and corruption. Next the Duchess de Broglie, the daughter of Madame de Stael, who died but recently. I think I never saw a more exquisitely delicate face, full of tenderest expression, lighted with a peace that comes after pain, seeming, amid its dark and quiet draperies, more like the chastened and purified face of a cloistered nun than that of a Duchess. There were other family portraits but we forgot them all, and came back again and again to this sweet, patient, pathetic face, as one might come to a shrine. The ornaments and furniture have a kind of mute eloquence and you half fancy that they could be coaxed into all manner of interesting incidents if one had but time to stay. The carpet, with its fading tints, still remains, and satin draperies and curtains are excellent aids to the imagination. On the table are portfolios of modern engravings and other articles which prove that the old chateau is peopled by other than the shadowy spirits of the past, and we are told that the grand-daughter of the famous authoress makes this her summer home; we wonder whether she resembles her sweet faced mother in the portrait. How it delighted our eyes to find in the little book case the Bracebridge Hall of Washington Irving, stamped with the family crest. Beyond is the bedroom of Madame Stael, where she thought and wrote, and where we wish to believe "Corinne" was begun. How we searched for some little souvenir, but the Argus eyes of the stately concierge were upon us, and we were powerless. Through the window one catches the gleam of the blue lake and snowy Alps, and we know that at least no change has come to these since the days when the gifted authoress looked off to them for rest and inspiration. But how could we tarry so long within stone walls when the real beauty was without on that velvety verdant lawn which you reach through the quaint and pointed iron gateway? A little lake is in the centre of the park, and on both sides are long avenues, where the sunlight shimmers down upon the walk below. The branches and sprays of oak and birch are bright with freshly opened leaves. Wild flowers, primroses, anemones, daisies, buttercups and violets bloom on every hand, making of each shadowy nook and sunlit field a perfect fairy land. A little, foamy brook dances away musically into the woodlands beyond, and its echo blends with the chorus of the birds who are singing as if they would let all the wide world know of their joy. Following the road we come to the family tomb, almost hidden in the front of a little evergreen grove and surrounded by a forbidding wall which seemed closed to all inquisitive visitors. Here in this quiet spot, where no sounds are heard but the rustling of the leaves, rest the bodies of Necker and his daughter, Madame de Stael. It is a plain and simple resting place for the most brilliant woman of Europe, whose pen and speech were more dreaded by Napoleon than the armed host of the enemy, and who, in her strength and power, still speaks to an admiring world. But the broad blue heaven is a grander dome, and the sunlit peaks of the Alps a nobler monument than any which mere human power could have reared to her memory.

AUTHORESS OF THE NEAR AND HEAVENLY HORIZONS.

No names in modern French literature are more loved than those of the Count and Countess de Gasparin. Their home in Geneva was the resort of those who loved to view life from the same high and lofty standpoint as did their genial host and hostess. All great, pure, noble thoughts found a home in their hearts, and their writings went forth to comfort and cheer thousands who looked henceforth to them as worthy of their deepest gratitude. They were singularly adapted one to the other, and presented a rare and beautiful example of perfect union of heart and soul. Among the works of Madame de Gasparin, the best known is the "Near and Heavenly Horizons," which has been widely read in America. It abounds in delicate and beautiful thoughts and perceptions, and in reading it the shadowy and far off spirit realm seems to come nearer and nearer, and the glory and beauty and rest which are the believer's portion, take on a reality, which is often lost in the mystical and unnatural anticipations of many writers. She longs for a heaven where all that is pure and noble in this life shall find a fuller and more glorious realization; where friend shall know friend, and where, in the absence of sin, and in the light of all divine and purifying impulses the redeemed shall enter upon the grandeur of their eternal life. If I am not mistaken her book was a prelude to that of Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar," though expressed with a delicacy and refinement which is sometimes lacking in the latter. Madame de Gasparin wrote other most delightful books on a variety of subjects. She was the founder at Lausaune of a most excellent and practical school for the training of nurses. But the last few years of the life of this most gifted lady have been most painfully clouded. Since her husband's death she has resided at her country house at Chambesy, just out of Geneva, in the most unyielding seclusion and retiracy. The shock seems to have been almost too much

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for her and she refuses to he comforted. She admits no visitors, except her clergyman, and has given herself up to her sad grief. She seems to have felt as if she and her husband were never to be separated; that this "perfect married couple," as some one has called them, were in some peculiar way to be exempt from the pain of parting. Many singular stories are told of some of the morbid tendencies of her sorrow, but it is simple charity to believe that she is not responsible for them all, and that instead of blame, she should be regarded with the greatest pity. It is very sad that one who seemed to catch such bright and beautiful glimpses of the celestial world should now sit in such darkness and sorrow, shut out from those whose hearts she has herself cheered and gladdened.

AN ADDRESS FROM M. DE PRESSENSE.

One of the treats which the thinking people of Geneva have of late enjoyed, has been an address by M. de Pressense, of Paris, who is one of the noblest representatives of evangelical Christianity in Europe. His theme was "Strauss and Voltaire," and delivered to an immense audience in the Salle de la Reformation. Having a seat on the platform, I could see to the best advantage the sea of faces before me. There is something peculiarly interesting about a Genevese audience. At first one is almost startled by its plainness, its angularity, and a certain weary look which seems to characterize it. You see no richly dressed people, no color, no display as among Americans. You feel as if you were among a people where everybody thinks, and where thought is a bond between all classes. The subject and speaker could not fail to interest every one. Every eye is upon the orator. The working men, the merchants, the 'pasteurs,' whose faces come out here and there, sometimes rendered doubly attractive by a framing of silvery hair crowned by a velvet cap, the Genevese aristocracy, the liberal thinkers, and the earnest upholders of the old faith, all are here. Pressense is now quite in years, his hair is grey, but his grand spirit and fire are still unsubdued. He remains seated before the desk, and never once rises to his feet, but pours forth a stream of earnest words, gesturing constantly. His figure is heavy, and his face, at first sight, uninteresting, but full of pleasant expression when lighted with thought. With a few introductory words he passes immediately to his subject, which is a brilliant comparison of two of the greatest thinkers and doubters of any time. Only occasionally does the audience yield to a smile or a round of applause at some well turned point. But every one is intently listening as he rises with rapid steps towards his conclusion, and I watch with interest the faces about me, which are full of earnest sympathy. Just behind him sits his old-time friend, Pere Hyacinth, whose voice so often is heard in this same hall. His face lights up most pleasantly every now and then, and you feel that these two great orators, though differing undoubtedly in reference to some minor points, are yet, after all, in sympathy on the great and essential principles of a living Christianity. Pressense exerts great influence against scepticism and infidelity in Europe. In France, this is especially marked, and he is regarded as an aid, not only to the Protestant, but also the Catholic party, although he is himself most purely evangelical. His "Life of Christ" was a most powerful answer to Renan's brilliant but sceptical romance on the life of the founder of Christianity. Although a clergyman, he has taken a prominent part in French politics; and if ever religious liberty and toleration shall gladden the hearts of Christians in France, he will be regarded as one who has largely aided to bring about this most necessary reform.

A TRIP ROUND LAKE LEMAN.

A few quiet moments give me an opportunity of telling you of our safe arrival in Lausaune. We had the pleasant company of Dr. and Mrs. Stevens, as well as those charming Scotch ladies, the Misses Todd. While in their company, guide-books seemed quite superfluous, for they have seen Europe, especially Switzerland, with such beauty-loving eyes, that not a point has escaped them, and it is a pleasure to listen to them.

So here I am in the shadow of the old cathedral spires of Lausaune, feeling a little oddly to be out of Geneva, where I have been for so many months. The sail in the afternoon sunlight, with the fresh cool May air in one's face, and the ever-changing panorama of mountain and plain, was most delighiful. Excursionists, with shawl-straps and guide-books, are becoming more and more numerous, and every boat that goes up the lake has its sprinkling of travelers. There is something always interesting about the passengers. There is the English lady under her umbrella, quietly reading her guide-book. Then the French artist, bound to Montenegro, to be in the midst of war scenes, which he will depict for Parisian newspaper readers. Young Englishmen and Germans, bright French girls, etc. In the forward part of the boat, the second class passengers, who are almost always the most interesting, for they come, as a general rule, from the peasantry of the country, whose shores we are skirting. As the clouds continued to rest in such unyielding masses over the Alps, we confined our thoughts and gaze principally to the Vaudois side, with its beautiful plain sweeping up to the Jura. Just beyond Coppet, the residence of Madame de Stael begins the Canton de Vaud, rich in fertile lands and vineyards, and the home of a sturdy, industrious peasantry, and an unfettered Protestantism. The chain of the Jura rises as a line of battlements against the western sky. By the winding zigzag road which climbs the mountain side, in the far distance, you reach the summit of the Dole, the highest point of the Jura, where Byron wrote his celebrated description of the thunder-storm*, as given in the third canto of Childe Harold, where words seem to have caught the electric thrill and become themselves a part of the wild play of the elements. There is a charming lack of the modern element in all the magnificent sweep of country which is spread out before us. The towns are quaint and picturesque, which nestle down by the water's side or dot here and there the slopes and plain. At Nyon is a fine old feudal castle. On the opposite shore lies Yvoise, from whence, tradition tells us, a valiant warrior of the olden time used to swim the lake on his "white charger" in his attacks on the Paysde Vaud. Among the clustering trees can be seen the old chateau, whose last owner was Joseph Bonaparte. Here is the beginning of "the vines of La Cote," from which come the most famous of the Swiss wines. One old castle after another comes in view, each with its historic associations; but none more interesting than that of the days of the good Queen Bertha, whose name still lingers in these sunny uplands, and is still the synonym of all that is wise and industrious. So strong and firm do the walls of her castle stand that we can scarcely believe that hundreds of years have flown since this most exemplary lady rode hither and thither in her kingdom, distaff in hand, an inspiration to all her subjects.

But our boat is at Ouchy, almost before we are willing to land. The mountains which have been growing grander as we came nearer, are now most beautiful. There is something so suggestively island-like about them as they rise abruptly from the blue waters of the lake, that it gives me a little of a home-sick twinge to think that I am here in the heart of Switzerland, and that the brightest and most beautiful islands that gleam on the waters of the Pacific, are 8000 miles away. The mountains open like a great gate-way, and we look up to the point where the Rhone rushes in, for a time to lose itself in the placid waters of Lake Leman. Showers are stealing down the valley, amidst whose shimmering, misty folds shines for a moment, the tremulous fragment of a rain-bow. But this is Ouchy, and here we land. The famous hotel, Beau Rivage, with its sloping grounds and blossoming trees, the memory of the little Inn, where Byron wrote, in two rainy days, his deathless "Prisoner of Chillon," and the square mediæval tower which rises grimly at the entrance of the port, are all that make Ouchy interesting. Just above, on the mountain slope, lies Lausaune, a most charming town, very beautiful, as seen from the water, and most interesting when reached. It is built on hills and in ravines, which render all traveling about it tedious. It rises step by step towards the cathedral which rises from amidst high roofs and trees. After supper, at our quiet little hotel, we went out to see the spot rendered famous as being once the home of the historian Gibbon. We had these words of the great writer himself to guide us—"It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of 11 and 12, that I wrote the last line of the last page (Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire) in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." The home of a great man is of itself most interesting, but the birth-place of a famous work is even more so. The "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is one of those grand, literary possessions in which not only the English speaking people but the whole world has a share. Though its grandeur is dwarfed by the lack of that highest inspiration and beauty—faith in the divine mission of Christianity.

FRANK W. DAMON.

* * * * "Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

THE FRIEND.

JULY 2, 1877.

Opium War.

We predict another opium war, but it will not be in China, but in England. The time is surely coming when the English people will be aroused to the enormity of the policy of forcing opium upon the Chinese. Mr. Richard, a member of Parliament, has recently remarked, "I own I am oppressed with a sense of the accumulating responsibility we are incurring by the course we are pursuing in China. I am not ashamed to say that I am one of those who believe that there is a God who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, and that it is not safe for a community any more than an individual, recklessly and habitually to affront those great principles of truth and justice and humanity on which I believe He governs the world."

In the March number of "Fraser's Magazine," we find a most noteworthy article written by a Chinaman residing in London. The article is entitled "Foreign Relations of China." This writer states a great many wholesome truths, which the sensible portion of the English people must weigh and ponder. Among them we take the following: "Depend upon it, as soon as China thinks herself in a position to carry out her wishes, she will at once repudiate the clause of the treaty legalizing the opium traffic; and if England asks why she does so, she will answer that the moral sense of her whole nation requires it, and that justice and humanity and righteousness demanded it. If England should then declare another war against her in support of the wicked cause, she will refer the matter to the impartial judgment of the world—the United States and the great powers of Europe—and if England should decline to abide their decision, China will defend herself even to the last man in her empire, rather than submit to the stipulations of a treaty, the terms of which were dictated and almost extorted after a most disastrous war, and the effect of which has been the ruin of her subjects."

After this manner reasons this Chinese writer. He also treats upon what is called "The Arrow War" brought on by a fancied insult to the British flag hoisted on board a Chinese-built vessel, owned by a Chinese, manned by Chinese seamen and officers, except *a paper captain*, who was a British subject. The whole affair was most discreditable so far as the British were concerned, argues this writer, and he does not except even the British minister, Sir John Bowring, whose reputation as a diplomatist will be forgotten long before that of a writer of the hymns commencing—"Watchman, tell us of the night," and "In the cross of Christ I glory."

President's Address, Before Children's Missionary Society.

BY REV. JAMES ALEXANDER.

The anniversary of this association calls forth an address of marked ability. That by Rev. Mr. Alexander, is far above the average of former years. The following is an outline of the address:

It is interesting to see whether the most ancient methods of meeting sceptical speculations may apply to modern science, the method of Socrates taught philosophers by inquiries that they knew nothing, and Job's answer from the Almighty was similar in lesson of humiliation—Scientific Logic as taught by their leading work, Jevon's Principles of science, enables us to make this application, teaching "that we cannot infer from a negative proposition." If now sceptical speculation is inference from negative propositions it is without foundation, that recent speculation is thus based on negative evidence is happily illustrated in almost the fundamental bases of sceptical science. Were Socrates conjured up to walk with scientists he might ask what the "nebulous cloud" Huxley describes as the basis of all things was, or what the molecules or force, back of matter, were, scientists would not explain what the most common phenomena were, what gravitation, light, magnetism, &c. If we ask further *whence* these things come, science is speechless, with no *basis for inferences*, coming to ask about life, it will not suffice to say that it is a result of combinations of chemical substances or forces, since we have just seen that these are incomprehensible. Besides it is utterly above and different from them, a power to rule and resist them. In like manner spiritual life is not explained by being attributed to physical that being incomprehensible, and spiritual life, also being above and different from physical. But just here where deepest mystery, the foundation of knowledge must be laid, since to know we must know how we know, "an inductive science implies a science of mind." Also respecting special ends and purposes in nature scientists even urge that they know nothing, knowing nothing of purpose objectively they know nothing of it subjectively. With no idea of it, they are unable to live by such an idea, and so have no impulses to goodness, no hope of blessing; and this their leading writers actually teach, so that their best wisdom can only point us to the sepulcher. Now from this ignorance of the nature, origin and purpose of things, science can make *no inferences* against *truth seen by a higher method*. Here *Faith* helps us, we believe we were not made with natures that deceive us, and so follow intuitious of truth and duty to build temples of science and religion. We believe in an overruling purpose of love. From this objective knowledge of that purpose, we come to subjective knowledge. *This at last is knowledge*, the firmest of all knowledge, being of the soul's life, and so at last we know, this the rock against which the gates of hell will not prevail. Our Missionary Father Thurston's dying words, "O How I Love Jesus," refuted all scepticism. The teachings that truth is unknowable only demonstrate that science has no ground on which to stand in assaulting truth, and like the ancient Jewish Law, they "shut us up to Faith."

This is not a mere speculative matter, but *practical* since scepticism paralyzes benevolence; and really nothing but the love of Christ can enable us to be benevolent.

San Antonio's Society.

We take pleasure in noting another addition to the list of benevolent associations of Honolulu. Through the zealous exertions of J. Perry, Esq., the Portuguese Consul for these islands, a Society has been formed among his countrymen resident here, on a similar basis of mutual aid with the English and German Societies, and with a membership of something over fifty. The new society is named after Saint Antony of Padua, a famous Portuguese Confessor, of whom it is related that he once preached to the fishes, and that on the day of his death at Padua in Italy, on the 13th of June, 1231, all the bells in the churches throughout Portugal rang of themselves. Numerous other remarkable things are told of this saint, whose memory is greatly revered wherever the children of Portugal are found. Wednesday last the 13th, being the anniversary of San Antonio, was appropriately selected for the annual dinner, which was spread at the residence of Mr. Jose Perry, a relative of the Consul, pleasantly situated at the entrance of Pauoa valley. The members of the society with their wives and little ones and a number of invited guests, sat down to a sumptuous feast of good things, and spent an hour or two in social enjoyment. The healths of Dom Luis I. King of Portugal, and Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands, were duly honored, the latter being proposed by Consul Perry.

The Portuguese in these islands are quite numerous, and it could be wished that there were more, for as a rule they are a sober, industrious, thrifty and law-abiding people. Last Saturday the 9th inst., Mr. Perry for the first time hoisted his Consular flag at his residence corner of Nuuanu and Hotel streets, on which occasion he received the congratulatory calls of government officials and members of the Consular corps—*P. C. A.*

The "St. Antonio" Society with all its members is an outgrowth of the colony of seamen, from the Kingdom of Portugal settled on these islands.

Information Wanted.

Respecting CHARLES LUNT of Orono, Maine, was officer of a whaleship lost in the Arctic, some years ago. When last heard of was in Honolulu; any information will be thankfully received by his brother James F. Lunt, Virginia City, Nevada, or at the office of the FRIEND.

Respecting CHARLES BESSONETT, who sailed from New Bedford, in bark Superior, 1852 or 53, and in 1858 was sailing out of Honolulu. Communicate with the editor or Mrs. Sarah A. Gross, Bristell, R. I.

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No. 73, Fort St. [1y] TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

Rev. C. M. Hyde, D.D.

We recognize in his being sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. the same noble purpose as animated that missionary society in planting mission stations on these islands more than a half-century ago. His arrival here has called forth a most generous response from the Christian public throughout the islands, in contributions for a dwelling house for his family. During the anniversary meetings he has been present and takes his stand upon committees and in various ways, indicating that his services will become a most useful element in the working forces of the Christian community.

Dr. Hyde preached in our Bethel pulpit the 10th of June a most excellent sermon, taking for a text Christ's words, John 13:10, "He that is washed, needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit:" the preacher described the circumstances which occasioned this utterance. The washing of the disciples' feet was shown to be more than an illustration and exemplification of Christian humility. It was symbolical, also significant of the spiritual truth that for Christian character and conduct we need not only "the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Ghost," but also daily recourse to Christ Jesus for daily forgiveness. A true interpretation of the language shows a distinction made in the text between a bath which cleanses the whole person, and a washing of the feet, which the customs of eastern countries made needful very often. The cleansing power of Christ's work and word of forgiving grace was affirmed as freeing the soul fully and at once from the condemning power of sin. But a further work and way of spiritual purification was also shown to be a fact of Christian experience. In illustrating this lesson of the text, the preacher told of the piece of steel *converted* by electricity into a permanent magnet. This conversion did not change the chemical constituents of the steel, nor its visible appearance. It simply put the the magnetized steel into new relations to the all pervading force of electricity, perhaps by some change in the arrangement of the ultimate particles, adjusting them all according to their polarity. This change of relation is a permanent change, physical science affirms; so that in view of its reliability we say of it, "as true as the needle to the pole." A similar permanent change in human character is wrought by *conversion*. A man is none the less a *man*, when he is converted: if he is *more of a man*, it is because he stands in new relations to the love of God, that great attractive and controlling principle which binds in harmony the intelligences of the spiritual universe. We do not throw aside the compass, though every locality has its specific variation of the magnetic needle, swerving more or less from the true north and south line. We recognize the necessity of taking special pains to secure a safe compass. We put the magnetic needle on a pivot, so that it may move easily in any direction: we enclose it in a box, so that it may be shielded from atmospheric currents: we swing it in a double-jointed case, so that in every movement of the ship it may preserve its equilibrium; we use additional special contrivances in every vessel built of iron. But how many Christians are there, mindful and willing to take equal pains to secure that perfection of Christian character, that blamelessness of Christian conduct, for which they are personally responsible, which the world expects to see in them? While believing the scripture truth that "there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus," we must not forget the scriptural limitation, "which walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." How are you walking? If desirous of living a pure and Christ-like life, this can be our blessed experience only as we daily put heart and life under the gracious influences of Christ's forgiving love, that so we may "like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun, grow pure by being purely shone upon."

Dr. Richardson.—By the last steamer, arrived a goodly company of visitors, from all parts of the United States, and among them Dr. Richardson, of New Orleans, Professor in a Medical School of that city. He is visiting our public institutions and expresses himself highly pleased with the Queen's Hospital.

☞ If C. F. Merrill is now residing on the islands, he is requested to communicate with the editor, who has a letter from his brother O. B. Merrill, Topsham, Maine.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

May 26—Brit bk Kinclune, Caithness, 152 days fm Liverpool.
28—Russ Imp Cor Bayan, Admiral Bouzino, 12 days from San Francisco.
30—Russ Imp Cor Abreck, Captain F Schantz, 14 days from San Francisco.
30—Russ Imp Cor Vsadnik, Captain Novossilsky, 14 days from San Francisco.
30—Am schr W H Meyer, Brown, 14½ dys fm San Fran
31—R M S Zealandia, Chevalier, 7 days and 17 hours from San Francisco.
June 1—Am bk W A Holcomb, Dunton, 14 days from San Francisco, en route for Baker's Island.
3—Haw bk Iolani, Garrels, 15 days from San Fran'co.
5—Russ Imp gunboat Vostock, Captain Stark, 20 days from San Francisco.
9—Am bktne Monitor, Emerson, 17 days fm Humboldt.
12—Am bk Camden, Robinson, 25 dys from Port Townsend.
12—Russ Imp cor Ermack, Capt de Livron, 20 days fm San Francisco.
13—Am schr C M Ward, King, 35 days from Howland's Island.
14—Am bk Quickstep, Barnaby, 14 days from San Francisco, en route for Hongkong.
June 16—Am bk H W Almy, Widdenson, 16½ dys from Trinidad.
18—Russ Imp cor Gornostai, Torentiff, 14 days from San Francisco.
19—R M S Australia, Cargill, 18 days from Sydney.
22—Am sh Fleetford, Taylor, 22 days from Jarvis Is
24—Am brig Hesperian, Winding, 16 days from San Francisco.
24—Haw bk Mattie Macleay, Pope, 24 dys fm Portland.
25—Am bktne Discovery, Shepherd, 15 days from San Francisco.
26—Am bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, 16 days from Astoria.
27—Am bk Belle of Oregon, Merriman, 14 days from San Francisco.
28—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, 8 days from San Francisco.

DEPARTURES.

May 31—R M S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney.
June 2—Russ Imp Cor Bayan, Admiral Bouzino, for Persian Gulf.
2—Russ Imp Cor Vsadnik, Captain Novossilsky, for Persian Gulf.
3—Russ Imp Cor Abreck, Captain Schantz, for Persian Gulf.
4—Am bk W A Holcomb, Dunton, for Baker's Island.
9—Russ Imp gunboat Vostock, Capt Starck, for Japan
9—Haw bk Courier, Ahlborn, for San Francisco.
9—Am schr W H Meyer, Brown, for San Francisco.
14—Am Miss brig Morning Star, Colcord, for Micronesia
14—Am bk Quickstep, Barnaby, for Hongkong.
June 16—Russ Imp cor Ermack, Capt de Livron, for Vladivostock.
17—Am bktne Monitor, Emerson, for Humboldt.
19—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gambie.
20—R M S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco.
21—Brit bk Kinclune, Caithness, for Portland.
22—Russ Imp cor Gornostai, Capt Torentiff, for Japan.
28—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for Sydney.
29—Am bk H W Almy, Widdenson, for San Francisco.

PASSENGERS.

From San Francisco—Per W H Meyer, May 31—Jno Kenyon, R W Douglass, R W McKenion, J F McKenzie, E D Robins, Edw Smith, Jas McCartey.

From San Francisco—Per Zealandia, May 31—E C Sessions and wife, Mrs W J Knight and daughter, Rev C M Hyde, wife and child, Mrs Mary C Logan, C F Kutz and wife, J Austin, wife and daughter, Jas M Crindell, Miss S Pinder, Jno T Waterhouse jr, H Johnson, H Berger, wife and 2 children, Miss S E King, G West and wife, Dr Pease and wife, W W Cameron, H Turton, 2 Misses Rowell, Jno Haussen, W H Place, M A Samuels, Geo Tremble, A Anderson, G Walkmerster, W Page, I Kent, D Quinton, G Green, G Hanson, C Kennedy, W G Poole, M Griffin, F Enos, M Silver, G Harris, E Rosander, I P Flynn, H Taylor, I Latham, and 4 Chinamen.

For Sydney—Per Zealandia, May 31—Mrs A Krachlauer and 3 children, Mrs Davis.

From San Francisco—Per Iolani, June 3—J H Medan and Col Norris.

From Guano Islands—Per C M Ward, June 13—A J Kinney, wife and child, Wm H Foye, Wm Coates, Thos Martin, H English, Chas Hines, H Barrows and 47 natives.

For Micronesia—Per Morning Star, June 14—Dr E M Pease and wife, S P Kaaia and wife, Mr Nawaa, wife and child, Mrs Logan and child.

From Sydney—Per Australia, June 19th—D Manson, D Bagot and wife, P Hall, F Barnard.

For San Francisco—Per Australia, June 20—Major J H Wodehouse, His Ex H A P Carter and son, Hon A S Cleghorn, F W Schmidt and wife, H N Greenwell, E Krull, Rev J Bridger and 4 children, J G Trembeth, Miss May Geary, W G Brash, E C Sessions and wife, Mrs S B Dole, W W Cameron, H J Agnew and wife, T F Cordis and wife, C Brenig and wife, H Hart, A W Peirce and wife, J A Hassinger, Dr J W Smith, H Turton, J Farnsworth, F G Maeder and wife, T H Hobron and wife, G D Webster, H Bradley, L C Gray, Mrs L Morting, Fred Barclay and wife.

From San Francisco—Per Hesperian, June 24—A G Bacon.

From Portland—Per Mattie Macleay, June 24—R Brotherton, L R Patten.

From San Francisco—Per Discovery, June 25—C Hammond, B W Child, P Buckley, J Walters.

From Portland—Per Jane A Falkinburg, June 26—Mrs R W Laine and child.

From San Francisco—Per City of Sydney, June 28—Dr J Scott and wife, W N Armstrong and wife, Miss Mary Rowell, W E Rowell, Miss Helen Ludlow, J S Emerson, Mrs H P Baldwin and child, W L Hopper, J O Carter, T G Richardson and wife, Geo Q Whitney, J J Yates, wife and 2 children, Geo W Macfarlane, S F French, H S Crocker, wife and 2 boys, E A Williams and wife, C Hester, Mrs E Taylor, Mrs A M Easton, Miss Jennie Easton, Mrs C A Brough, Miss Brough, Mrs E B Meyer, F S Dodge, Mrs F Howe, Miss M Furlong, F Foster, J E Chevers and wife, H Braham and wife, E J Kennedy, L P Tenvey and son, R Whitman, Miss Nellie Crocker, H F Poor, and 10 in the steerage.

MARRIED.

Tallach—West.—At Amherst, N S, April 26th, by the Rev J M Sutherland, of Pugwash, Rev Thomas Tallach, M A, minister of Saint Stephen's Church, Amherst, to Julia, second daughter of Mr Gideon West, of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, formerly of Amherst.

Chambre—von Pfister.—In this city, June 2d, at St Andrew's Cathedral, by the Rev Alex Mackintosh, Walter Landys, eldest son of Thomas Chambre, Esq, and Navigating Lieutenant of H M S Fantome, to Ida, only daughter of the late John Ramsay von Pfister, Esq, of Honolulu.

Jolty—Kapai.—In this city, by the Rev S C Damon, Mr Frank Jolty to Miss Mary Kapai, both of Honolulu.

Hitchcock—Hardy.—At Naalehu, Kau, Hawaii, May 30, by the Rev A O Forbes, H R Hitchcock, Esq, of Hilo, to Miss Alice F Hardy, of Oakland, Cal.

Montano—Davidson.—In this city, June 16, by teh Rev W Frear, Mr A A Montano to Mrs M J Davidson, both of Honolulu.

Foye—Kui.—In this city, by the Rev Father Hermann, Mr William H Foye to Elizabeth Kui, both of Honolulu.

Cunha—Gilliland.—In this city, June 21, by the Rev Father Hermann, Mr E S Cunha to Miss A E Gilliland, eldest daughter of the late Richard Gilliland, all of Honolulu.

DIED.

Brewer.—At Jamaica Plains, Mass, May 4th, Martha Davis, wife of Chas Brewer.

Perry.—In this city May 27th, Manuel Perry, a native of the Azores, and for many years a resident of these Islands, aged 33 years.

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The 25th Anniversary of the Ladies' Strangers' Friend Society

Was held at the house of the Rev. Dr. Damon, on June 7th, 1877, when the Secretary presented the following Report:

"On the 10th day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, there was ushered into existence with appropriate ceremonies, in this very room, the "Ladies' Stranger's Friend Society."

"Fifty-two ladies were present who subscribed their names to the constitution, and started the young Society on its mission of love, to the sick and destitute strangers within our gates." We think she has fulfilled the promise her birth inspired during the twenty-five years she has lived and labored. We think she deserves a place among the "many daughters who have done virtuously." Her simple annals, if properly written, would be worthy of a place among the good and useful of any age. A brief glance only of her life and labor will be presented to-day. As her name indictes the great object of this Society has been the care of sick and needy strangers; and this, too, without regard to creed or clime from whence they came. So it has come to pass that more Roman Catholics than Protestants have received aid from our treasury, while England and her colonies, and various countries of continental Europe, have furnished the largest proportion of our beneficiaries.

Neither have strangers been the only ones who have received aid. Each year finds us with the names of needy residents upon our list, besides many wanderers who, during these years, have been assisted in returning to their homes in other lands, by the funds of this Society.

In all the varied labors of the Society, we have had the constant and devoted aid from the very first of the Rev. Dr. Damon, for our sick, our dying, and our dead. No one not intimately acquainted with its workings can imagine the wisdom and judgment needed in deciding on the numerous applicants for aid, and for caring for individual cases, often through long months of slow decline, until they are finally laid away in the grave. Our fifty-two ladies would have been often in great perplexity without the counsel and aid of Dr. Damon.

Early in its history, through the energetic efforts of those ladies, the Society secured a fund of $2000, which was, by the advice of several leading business gentlemen of Honolulu, placed at interest on good security, for the continued benefit of the Society. The interest, drawn semi-annually during all these years, has materially aided in carrying forward the objects for which the Society was organized. We have also received from time to time generous donations from charitable friends. The names of all these are placed upon the records of the Society, and we hope they are also written in the Lamb's Book of Immortal Life.

For more than ten years from its commencement the sum expended annually by the Society averaged $500. During the year just closed the amount expended has been $464.

The number aided during the year has been seven, including two women with families of little children. One of our beneficiaries died a few days ago, after being in our care for about 18 months. He was an English subject, and hailed from Canada. A day or two before he passed away, he expressed to our President his deep gratitude to the ladies of this Society for the care they had afforded him during his very lingering decline. He was a Roman Catholic, and was attended in his last moments, by a priest of that church, who also took charge of his burial.

Of the fifty-two ladies who united in the formation of this Society 25 years ago, fifteen only remain at these islands. Eighteen have returned to their native homes, and the remainder have "fallen asleep."

One of this latter number has passed away from us during the year just closed. Mrs. E. O. Hall will be always remembered for her large-hearted charities. She was one, into whose hands we were glad to see the means of doing good abundantly placed. "Freely she received, very freely she gave." Although for some years her works of benevolence have been given through another channel, yet we always felt stronger for her life and labors among us. "She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her."

While so many of the original fifty-two have left us for other scenes and labors, others have grown up in our community, and others still have come among us from distant lands, from time to time, who have cordially united with us in carrying forward the work of the Society. So that we still hold hopefully on our way, with the ever increasing conviction of the value and importance of this organization in these distant Islands of the Pacific.

Now, it is the custom of common mortals in many places to celebrate the 25th anniversary of their wedded lives, by festivals, called "silver weddings," where friends gather, to offer their congratulations, and present rare and valuable gifts; and your secretary respectfully suggests, that it would be eminently proper for the charitably-disposed of our Island Community, to make a generous tribute, on this anniversary, to the labors and value of this Society as a public servant, in the way of substantial aid; which shall be faithfully used for the poor and suffering, and which may prove to the donors, a treasure laid up in Heaven."

Respectfully submitted,
A. W. Smith,
Secretary.

☞ The following notice of "a brilliant wedding," we copy from the N. Y. *Evening Mail*. The happy bridegroom will be remembered by many in Honolulu, when attached to the U. S. S. *Saranac*.

Marriage of Admiral Porter's Daughter to Lieut. Logan.—The marriage of Miss Lazzie C. Porter, eldest daughter of Admiral Porter, to Lieut. L. C. Logan, of the navy, took place last evening at the Church of the Epiphany, in Washington. The church, which was crowded long before the ceremonial with the fairest and best of Washington society, admission being strictly by cards, was handsomely decorated with flowers. In the chancel there was a floral arch, from which depended a marriage-bell of white flowers, while the chancel railing blossomed with white lilacs, and fine pyramids of flowers separated the groups. Lieutenants Logan, Palmer, Lyon, Buckingham, Zielin and Brown, and Engineer Rae, of the navy, with Mr. Frederick May and Mr. Essex Porter, the brother of the bride, officiated, as ushers, all officers being in full uniform. After the organ prelude, Mrs. Camp, the soprano, sang "The Marriage of Rebecca." The groom, with his best man, Lieut. Colby, entered the chancel from the vestry, and the ten ushers, walking up the aisle two by two, met him at the chancel and awaited the arrival of the fair procession moving up from the door. This was a beautiful sight—ten charming girls, in the loveliest of dresses made of tulle and blonde lace, draped with sprays of lilacs. First came the Misses Stuart and Dulin, then Misses Mary Mitchell and Louise Meigs, then Misses Barnes and Patterson, Misses Stout and Wallach, Misses Elena Porter and Hogue. They were followed by the bride leaning on the arm of her father, who was in full uniform. At the chancel the groups disposed themselves on either side, and the bride and groom knelt before the altar. Dr. Paret was the officiating clergyman.

The bride was superbly dressed in white satin, covered with the richest of Oriental embroidery. The only jewels she wore were solitaire pearl ear-rings. Her bouquet was of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms.

The bridesmaids, each carrying a superb boquet, were all dressed precisely alike, even to the pearl necklaces. Their dresses were most effective, although simple.

Among the notable persons present were Mrs. Hayes, escorted by Gen. Sherman; Secretary Thompson and wife, and Postmaster General Key; Capt. Gore-Jones, Naval Attache of Her Majesty's Legation, and Mrs. Jones; Hon. Mr. Plunkett, British Charge d'Affaires; Admirals Radford, Almy, Patterson and Howells; Commodores Anman, Wyman, Febiger and Beaumont and others of the navy; all the officers of the Marine Corps, including Paymaster Clay Goodloe and his young bride, formerly Miss Bettie Beck, daughther of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, and most of the army officers in town; Chief-Justice Waite and family, Justice Miller, the Russian Minister, the Belgian Minister, and Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris. The Presioent and his personal staff were unavoidably absent on their way to Philadelphia.

After the ceremony there was a reception at Admiral Porter's residence which was a crush, the diplomatic corps, officers of the army and navy and nearly all the "society people" in town putting in an appearance. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers and the ball-room, one of the handsomest in Washington, was put to use, after the crowd began to thin, by the younger people for an old-fashioned wedding dance, far on into the morning.

Temperance at the White House.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune writes of the recent dinner given to the Russian dukes: A gentleman who was at the dinner mentions one peculiar fact connected wfth it which probably never before occurred at the White House. It was noticeable that at the plates of President and Mrs. Hayes there were no wine glasses. It has been learned from those having charge of the arrangements for the dinner that Mrs. Hayes absolutely opposed having any wine at the dinner at all, as she is strictly a temperance woman, and the president himself does not drink; but Colonel Casey, master of ceremonies at the White House, and the officers of the state department accustomed to have charge of like ceremonies, expostulated with Mrs. Hayes that the Russian guests had really little conception of what a cold water dinner might be, and would probably misconstrue the absence of wine. Mrs. Hayes reluctantly consented that wine should be provided for the rest of the guests; but she positively informed Colonel Casey, who is commissioner of public buildings and grounds in place of General Babcock, and who will have charge of all state occasions at the White House, that hereafter, when citizens of the United States are entertained at the White House, the arrangements must be made to exclude wine.

The trouble with President Hayes appears to be that he has never learned the important art of saying one thing and meaning another. He is an old-fashioned man with an old-fashioned prejudice in favor of truth. He actually thinks that a solemn promise made by his party in convention, and by himself in his letter of acceptance, is a thing to be kept.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Places of Worship.

SEAMEN'S BETHEL—Rev. S. C. Damon, Chaplain, King street, near the Sailors' Home. Preaching at 11 A. M. Seats free. Sabbath School before the morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

FORT STREET CHURCH—Rev. W. Frear, Pastor, corner of Fort and Beretania streets. Preaching on Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M.

KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Rev. H. H. Parker, Pastor, King street, above the Palace. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 9½ A. M. and 3 P. M.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—Under the charge of Rt. Rev. Bishop Maigret, assisted by Rev. Father Hermann; Fort street, near Beretania. Services every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M.

KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Rev. M. Kuaea, Pastor, Beretania street, near Nuuanu. Services in Hawaiian every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2½ P. M.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH—Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Willis, D. D.; Clergy. Rev. Rob't Dunn, M. A., Rev. Alex. Mackintosh, St. Andrew's Temporary Cathedral, Beretania street, opposite the Hotel. English services on Sundays at 6½ and 11 A. M., and 2½ and 7½ P. M. Sunday School at the Clergy House at 10 A. M.

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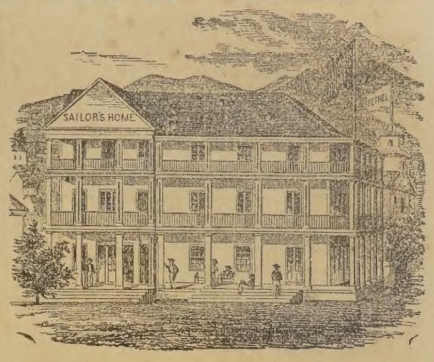

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To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

My Neighbor.

BY LEIZZIE C. ATWOOD.

Three times have I envied my neighbor,
My neighbor over the way:
Once, when she came in her beauty,
Home on her wedding day.

Once when the proud, happy father
Carefully muffled the bell,
And joyfully sent me the message,
"Mother and child are well."

Again I envied my neighbor,
Though my heart fairly ached with its pain,
As they carried a little white coffin
Out into the soft summer rain.

For I thought as I sat at my window
Alone in my desolate hall,
"Its much better to love and to lose
Than never to love at all."

And I, who have gone through life lonely,
Forever so lonely must be;
For I know very well that in heaven
There is nobody waiting for me.

While she, tho' her hair may be snowy
Before she lies down to her rest,
Will at last have her dear little baby
To lie like a dove on her brest.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

As THE inside life and work of the Association may not be familiar to all of our readers, and indeed as it is probable that little is known by the public, it may be well, and beneficial to the Association to air its works through this, its mouth piece, the last page of the FRIEND.

We will therefore take a few items from the minutes of the last meeting.

The following committees were appointed:

Reading Room Committee—S. B. Dole and S. Pogue.

Entertainment Committee—S. B. Dole and T. H. Davies.

Chinese Mission—Rev. S. C. Damon, S. D. Dole, I. B. Atherton and E. C. Damon.

Chinese Sunday School—I. B. Atherton.

Editors of the last page of the FRIEND—W. W. Hall and G. P. Castle.

Appointment of Essayist for the July meeting—Prof. A. Pratt.

The Reading Room Committee take charge of the affairs of the Free Reading Room, which is situated on the second floor of the Sailors Home.

The room is supplied with leading religions and secular papers, and pamphlets, and furnishes a place of rest, and quiet reading to many, both citizens and sea faring men.

The entertainment committee are responsible for the literary entertainment of the society at its several meetings, during its term of office, the entertainments consist of Reading, Recitals, &c., which serve to vary the monotomy of business and make the meetings attractive to all.

It is customary also to have an essay on each evening, the subject of which often leads to spirited and interesting remarks.

The Chinese Mission Committee, is one with whom Mr. Sit Moon, our Colporteur and Home Missionary among the Chinese, may consult at any time for advice or aid.

The Chinese Sunday School Committee of one is the superintendant of the Chinese Sunday School, which is held every Sunday afternoon in the vestry of Fort Street Church. This committee keeps the association informed as to the welfare of the school.

The editors of the Y. M. C. A., page of the FRIEND keep this page filled with items pertaining to the work of the association, extracts and hints from papers and letters of Foreign Associations and for the general improvement, and advancement of our own. At our last meeting the subject was discussed of the society awakening to active labor. In union there is strength and if all of the members will endeavor to attend its meetings, and bring others with them, the meetings will be made more interesting, and attractive. We would also take this opportunity to invite the public generally to pay us a visit.

SELF respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself, the most elevating feeling with which the mind can be inspired. One of Pythagoras' wisest maxims in his golden verses in that which enjoins the pupil to reverence himself.—*Once a Month.*

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.—Suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oalic acid, what would you administer? Jones, (who is preparing for the pulpit and who only takes chemistry because it is obligatory): I would administer the sacrament.—*Christian Union.*

A BLUFF old farmer says: "If a man professes to serve the Lord I like to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollers glory halleluyar." This remark will apply to more transactions than measuring onions.

THE Japanese have a curious legend of a stone cutter, who became discontented with his lot in life. He first expressed a very common wish, "Oh that I were rich!" this being granted by the gods, he next wished to become a king, so that he might have power.

In this station he still found a source of discontent. So after many changes he wished to become a rock, which even the floods could not move, this being granted, he for a time enjoyed his newly acquired power, for neither the burning sun, rushing wind nor roaring floods could move him.

One day a man with a sharp chisel and heavy hammer came along, and began to cut stones out of the rock, and the rock said, "What is this—that the man has power over me, and can cut stones out of my bosom? I am weaker than he; I should like to be that man!" and there came an angel out of Heaven, who said, "Be this as you said;" and the rock became a stone cutter; and he cut stones with hard labor for small wages, and was contented.

IF A man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of this world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a part of the continent that joins them.—*Bacon.*

WHAT a world of gossip would be prevented, if it were only remembered that a person who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults.—*Once a Month.*

TAKE very little account of what your neighbors think of you, but think much of what God thinks of you.

A REAL, personal, living, loving Christ is what we all require.

Special Notice. Information Wanted

Respecting WILLIAM LITTLEFIELD, who left England about fifty years ago, on board the whaling ship *Fame*, for a cruise in the Pacific, and reported as wrecked at the Marquesas Islands. The ship is reported to have been taken to Valparaiso, and there condemned. There was a report that said William Littlefield left the Marquesas Islands and came to Honolulu with two of his shipmates. He had two brothers, James and Cornelius. The latter went to America, and is now living with his son, William Littlefield, 168 East 82d street, New York City. If any information can be furnished it will be most gratefully received. Letters may be addressed to William Littlefield 168 East 82d street, New York, or to the Editor of THE FRIEND, or *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, Honolulu.

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